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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Queen's Appeal. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 83.

This poem takes a very poetical, i. e. imaginary view of the affair which now unfortunately occupies so much attention. It is written as if by the Queen, and gives an account of her various travels, adventures, &c. in a very sentimental way, interspersed with sundry discursive flights, and appeals to Britain, to the King, to the present age, and to posterity. Not addicted to politics, even when pressed upon us, our readers will not expect that we should take up this text for an essay upon so disagreeable a topic. When the elevated and powerful contend, the commonality must suffer by being drawn into the vortex; and it is this consideration which gives to the royal differences a character of national importance. We therefore trust, should it appear that personal passions stand in the way of the public tranquillity, that there is enough of manly spirit and honest independence in the legislature, to lay down a right and fitting course, honourable to all who merit honour, just to every interest, and above all, calculated to save the people of England both from moral taint and from factious convulsion. The duty owing to the country, is paramount to every other; that to the head of the government is only a part of this whole; and the civil list is yet so far unsettled as to afford parliament a means of enforcing its recommendations. We now quote a few stanzas as specimens of the poetry of the Queen's Appeal, which, though somewhat involved and high-flown, indicates considerable talents.

Verse VII.—*Personal feeling.*

It could not be that I should cease to feel
Both what I am, and what a perjured band
Would make me seem. Nor could I wholly
steel

My heart with pebble; nor yet my tears command.

By thinking on my station in the land.
How has my bosom swelled, as I have known
Directed at my fame the piteous brand
That sullies where it burns not! O what throne
On earth, for all my wrongs and sorrows can
atone?

VOL IV.

Verse XVII.—*Waterloo.*

Not that in that great day in which the world,
As to the fight of eagles in the sun,
Upturned to the vast war its gaze, you hurried
The selfish tyrant from his throne, and won
Sway for the Lilies, that nor toiled nor spun,
Right glad that any hands for them would toil,
Content that rivers of true blood should run,
So they the Corsican's keen scythe might foil,
And once more strike their roots in abdicated
soil.

Verses LI. LII. LXVI.—*The original cause of separation.*

She had—I mean the source of all my woe—
The soft persuasive voice, the manners bland,
The insinuating smile, that those who know,
Tho' false they know them, scarcely can
withstand.

Even I, her victim—tho' the withering brand
She lighted first, hath left within my heart
Some fires, to tell me of her treacherous hand—
Even I must own, that more accomplished art,
Or fairer in display, ne'er acted fiendish part.

Well could she read the human heart, and well
Had studied that, on whose approval hung
The dearest hopes that e'er in mine might
dwell.

She knew if bitter thoughts in secret stung
The breast, whose cold consent perchance was
wrong
By hard necessity, to bear the yoke,
Against whose weight the indignant spirit
sprung:

And hers were all the arts that might provoke
The pride of such a breast, and skill those arts
to cloke.

Peace to her dust!—and pardon to her soul!
Low in the inevitable tomb she lies.
Death has no ear that flatteries cajole.
But sculptured marble o'er her grave may rise;
And the recording chisel, that supplies
The golden words, that constitute the fame
Of what we noble call, and good, and wise,
Even now, perchance, hath placed around her
name

All titles that become a high and virtuous dame.

Versé CIII. CX.—*Travels.*

And Portici sits laughing at thy feet,
Even on the long accumulated flow
Of Lava fixing in disdain her seat,
Reckless of that tremendous overthrow
Of Herculæum bedded deep below.
So rests the traveller, near the bones of men
Who sits unheeding; nor appears to know
From the sad relics spread before his ken;
He tastes his last repose before the lion's den.

Ye verdant hills that rise o'er Como's towers,
And in the Larian lake's expanse so clear
Gloss your high brows with you more tran-
quil hours

I hoped to pass, where nothing insincere,
Constrained, or courtly hollow might appear.
I sought you with such keen impatient haste
As speeds the thirsty traveller, when near

He thinks the pool upon the burning waste,
And presses panting on, the cooling wave to
taste.

CXLIX. CL. CLII.—*Argument.*

But I must turn me from each foreign clime,
From scenes of wonder and delight: for now
To my own England points the hand of Time,
Where I a crown of empire for my brow
Wait from my Consort's hand—or shall I bow
My head at once to undeserved shame,
And free uninterrupted course allow
To all the poisonous breath of evil fame
That sycophantish tongues would level at my
name?

O days of ancient chivalry! when forth
Leaped from the scabbard many a shining
sword,
To vindicate insulted woman's worth;
When valour ne'er to brighter honours soared,
Than when to injured woman it restored
All pure the lustre Slander loves to stain!
How are ye fled! But not by me deplored.
She who is innocent may well disdain
By force or chance of arms a righteous cause to
gain.

Why linger my accusers? Them I cite
Before a court extended as the pale
Of social order that disclaims not right,
Free as the sky that's traversed by each gale,
And public as the sun, when from the roll
Of clouds he hies in the noontide heat.
Let awful Justice in her righteous scale
The accused and accusers poised, and mete
To all their guerdon due from her impartial seat.

I ask no law but such as well is known,
And well defends the meanest subject's right,
Adapted to the cottage as the throne,
And hallowed by Religion's sacred light.
Am I thing guilt-spotted?—With the blight
Of shame o'er-run?—Then let me meet the
fate

That well may reach me, even on the site
Of loftiest rank. At once precipitate
Down let me fall from life, from honor, fame,
and state.

Conclusion.—CLXIV. CLXV.

O thou, the father of that blessed one
That was my only comfort here below—
And by what name mayest thou be sooner won
The powers of prejudice to overthrow?
By her—and by the venerated snow
Of the loved head that late in peace was laid—
And by the vows pronounced long years ago—
Let not the course of justice be delayed;
But let me as I am to England be displayed.

So, 'mid the pomp of that auspicious day,
When all the glories of the realm around
Are gathered in magnificent array,
And thine anointed head is fitly crowned,
Tho' at thy side I may not then be found,
While thro' the sky loud acclamations ring,
And the glad trumpets their triumphant sound
Up to heaven's gates in jocund concord fling—
I will not less be moved to cry "God save the
King!"

Lacon: or many Things in few Words; addressed to those who think. By the Rev. C. C. Colton, A.M. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 267.

There are three difficulties in authorship; to write any thing worth the publishing—to find honest men to publish it—and to get sensible men to read it. Literature has now become a game; in which the booksellers are the kings; the critics, the knaves; the public, the pack; and the poor author, the mere table, or *Thing played upon*.

For the last thirty years, the public mind has had such interesting and rapid incidents to witness, and to reflect upon, and must now anticipate some that will be still more momentous, that any thing like dulness or posing in authorship, will either nauseate, or be refused; the *realities* of life have pampered the public palate with a diet so stimulating, that vapidity has now become as insipid as water to a dram-drinker, or sober sense to a fanatic.

The attempts however of dulness, are constantly repeated, and as constantly fail. For the misfortune is, that the Head of Dulness, unlike the tail of the torpedo, loses nothing of her benumbing and lethargising influence, by reiterated discharges; horses may ride over her, and mules and asses may trample upon her, but with an exhaustless and a patient perversity, she continues her narcotic operations even to the end. In fact, the Press was never so powerful in quantity, and so weak in quality, as at the present day; if applied to it, the simile of Virgil must be reversed, "*Non trunco sed frondibus efficit umbram.*" It is in literature as in finance—much *Paper* and much *Poverty* may co-exist.

Thus does the author break in with his preface, or, as the fancy folks would term it, his *facier*, upon the critics; and he then proceeds to speak of his own qualifications in language, which we repeat, as affording a fair sample and character of the work.

It may happen that I myself am now committing the very crime that I think, I am censuring. But while justice to my readers compels me to admit that I write, because I have nothing to do; justice to myself induces me to add, that I will cease to write, the moment I have *nothing to say*. Discretion has been termed the better part of valour, and it is more certain, that diffidence is the better part of knowledge. Where I am ignorant, and know that I am so, I am silent. That Grecian gave a better reason for his taciturnity, than most authors for their loquacity, who observed, "*What was to the purpose I could not say; and what was not to the purpose, I would not say.*" And yet Shakspeare has hinted, that even silence is not always "*commendable*;" since it may be foolish if we are wise, but wise if we are foolish. The Grecian's maxim would indeed be a sweeping clause in Literature; it would reduce many a giant to a pigmy; many a speech to a sentence; and many a folio to

a primer. As the great fault of our orators is, that they get up to make a speech, rather than to *speak*; so the great error of our authors is, that they sit down to make a book, rather than to write. To combine profundity with perspicuity, wit with judgment, solidity with vivacity, truth with novelty, and all of them with liberality, who is sufficient for these things? a very serious question; but it is one which authors had much better propose to themselves, *before* publication, than have proposed to them, by their Editors after it.

I have thrown together, in this work, that which is the result of some reading and reflection; if it be little, I have taken care that the volume which contains it, shall not be large.

I have addressed this volume to *those who think*, and some may accuse me of an ostentatious independence, in presuming to inscribe a book to so small a minority. But a volume addressed to *those who think*, is in fact addressed to all the world; for although the proportion of those who do think, be extremely small, yet every individual flatters himself that he is one of the number. In the present rage for all that is marvellous and interesting, when writers of undoubted talent, consider only what will sell, and readers only what will please, it is perhaps a bold experiment to send a volume into the world, whose very faults, (manifest as I fear they are) will cost more pains to detect, than scoliasts would feel inclined to bestow, even if they were sure of discovering nothing but beauties. Some also of my conclusions will no doubt be condemned by those who will not take the trouble of looking into the *postulata*; for the soundest argument will produce no more conviction in an empty head, than the most superficial declamation; as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a vacuum.

The following pages, such as they are, have cost me some thought to write, and they may possibly cost others some to read them. Like Demosthenes, who talked Greek to the waves, I have continued my task, with the hope of instructing others, with the certainty of improving myself. "*Labor ipse voluptas.*" It is much safer to think what we say, than to say what we think; I have attempted both. This is a work of no party, and my sole wish is, that truth may prevail in the church, and integrity in the state, and that in both the old adage may be verified, that "*the men of principle may be the principal men.*" Knowledge indeed is as necessary as light, and in this coming age most fairly promises to be as common as water, and as free as air. But as it has been wisely ordained, that light should have no colour, water no taste, and air no odour, so knowledge also should be equally pure, and without admixture. If it comes to us through the medium of prejudice, it will be discoloured; through the channels of custom, it will be adulterated; through the gothic walls of the college, or of the cloister, it will smell of the lamp.

Most of the maxims and positions advanced in the present volume, are founded

on two simple truisms, *that men are the same*; and that the passions are the powerful and disturbing forces, the greater or the less prevalence of which give individuality to character. But we must not only express clearly, but think deeply, nor can we concede to Buffon that style *alone* is that quality that will immortalize an author. The *Essays* of Montaigne, and the *Analogy* of Butler, will live for ever, in spite of their style. Style is indeed the *valet* of genius, and an able one too; but as the true gentleman will appear, even in rags, so true genius will shine, even through the coarsest style.

In an age remarkable for good reasoning and bad conduct, for sound rules and corrupt manners, when virtue fills our heads, but vice our hearts;—when those who would fain persuade us that they are quite sure of heaven, appear to be in no greater hurry to go there than other folks, but put on the livery of the best master only to serve the worst;—in an age when modesty herself is more ashamed of detection than delinquency; when independence of principle, consists in having no principle on which to depend; and free-thinking, not in thinking freely, but in being free from thinking;—in an age when patriots will hold any thing, except their *tongues*; keep any thing, except their *word*; and lose nothing patiently, except their *character*;—to improve such an age, must be difficult, to instruct it dangerous; and he stands no chance of amending it, who cannot at the same time amuse it.

Such are the principal points which Mr. Colton touches, in his preface; and it may thence (we think) be gathered, that his book is not one to be taken up and read through like a novel or a history. Indeed the aspect of it is deterring rather than inviting. Five hundred detached maxims, thoughts, and observations, without a narrative to interweave them, are quite appalling to modern readers. We looked at the volume, full of figures (X's, and D's, and C's and L's) in every page, and we laid it down again—we read one remark, found it piquante; another, just and forcible; a third, curious and entertaining: the author had now caught hold of us, and we believe we have since perused every axiom he has written, and many of them several times over. In fact, we discovered that under the inauspicious form of pithy pieces of advice, there was a great deal of originality, and the fruits of much reading, much observation, and much reflection; that, together with a perhaps too frequent repetition of antitheses, a little sprinkling of triteness, and a certain quaintness of style, there was terse philosophical remark, useful instruction, and often elevated ideas in elevated language: upon the whole, that *Lacon* was a book to be dipped into at any

time with pleasure and advantage; and though there are some of the principles to which we cannot subscribe, and some of the inferences from which we differ, we must in justice say, that the general cast is liberal, moral, and essentially good. All that it is necessary for us to add to these remarks, in order to afford an idea of Lacon, may be comprised in a few selections; and these we subjoin promiscuously.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and like Priam—*survives* them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven, than the martyr undergoes to gain it. *Avarice* is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a *mean* to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an *end*. He lives poor, to die rich, and is the mere jailor of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But unlike other tombs, it is *enlarged by repletion*, and strengthened by *age*. This latter paradox, so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—wealth, strength, and talent; but as old age always weakens, and often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth, *must* be a growing and a progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies, and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.

Men will wrangle for religion: write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but—*live* for it.

The wealthy and the noble, when they expend large sums in decorating their houses with the rare and costly efforts of genius; with busts from the chissel of a Canova, and with cartoons from the pencil of a Raphael, are to be commended, if they do not stand still *here*, but go on to bestow some pains and cost, that the master himself be not inferior to the mansion, and that the owner be not the only thing that is little, amidst every thing else that is great. The house may draw visitors, but it is the possessor alone that can detain them. We cross the Alps, and after a short interval we are glad to return;—we go to see Italy, *not the Italians*.

Of modern theorists, Gall and Spurzheim are too ridiculous even to be laughed at; we admire Locke and Hartley for the profundity and ingenuity of their illustrations; and Lavater for his plausibility; but none of them for their solidity. Locke, however, was an exception to that paradox so generally to be observed in theorists, who, like Lord Monboddo, are the most credulous of men with respect to what confirms their theory, but perfect infidels as to any facts that oppose it. Mr. Locke, I believe, had no opinions which he would not most readily have exchanged for truth. A traveller shewed Lavater two portraits—the one of a highwayman, who had been broken upon a wheel, the other was the portrait of Kant, the philosopher; he was desired to distinguish between them. Lavater took up the portrait of the *highwayman*, after attentively considering it for some time, "Here," says he, "we have the true philosopher, here is penetration in the eye, and reflection in the forehead; here is cause, and there is effect; here is combination, there is distinction; synthetic lips! and analytic nose: Then turning to the portrait of the *philosopher*, he exclaims, "The calm thinking villain is so well expressed, and so strongly marked in this countenance, that it needs no comment." This anecdote Kant used to tell with great glee. Dr. Darwin informs us, that the reason why the bosom of a beautiful woman is an object of such peculiar delight, arises from hence; that all our first pleasurable sensations of warmth, sustenance, and repose, are derived from this interesting source. This theory had a fair run, until some one happened to reply, that all who were brought up by hand had derived their first *pleasurable sensations* from a very different source, and yet that not one of all these had ever been known to evince any very rapturous or amatory emotions at the sight of a *wooden-spoon*!

The following is a noble picture of time:—

Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires.—Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and

us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight, and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise; bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sages discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.

Our last quotation is made for the sake of mentioning a modern parallel.

Those traitors who know that they have sinned beyond forgiveness, have not the courage to be true to those who, they presume, are perfectly acquainted with the full extent of their treachery. It is conjectured that Cromwell would have proposed terms of reconciliation to Charles the second, could he but have harboured the hope that he would forgive his father's blood; and it was the height of wisdom in Caesar, to *refuse* to be as wise as he might have been, if he had not immediately burnt the cabinet of Pompey, which he took at Pharsalia.

The similar instance to which we allude, happened not long ago in France. M. —, the bosom friend of Louis XVIII., his constant companion in exile, his imitator in dress and appearance, his shadow, and his brother in affection, died abroad after the restoration. His papers were sent home, and some one told the king that all the while he was cherishing this viper, he had been betraying him, and was in fact an agent of Buonaparte. His Majesty rejected the imputation with horror; but, alas for human nature! the chest of papers was opened in the presence of the friends of the deceased, and the very first letter unfolded, too clearly established his guilt. Poor Louis was struck to the heart by this evidence of perfidy where he had so entirely relied; and while his tears bore testimony to the shock which it occasioned, he commanded every document to be instantly committed to the flames. We now bid Mr. Colton farewell. That his book merits to be read by thousands—is our imprimatur.

An Account of Timbuctoo and Housa, &c. By El Hage Abd Salam Shabeeny; with Notes, critical and explanatory. To which is added, Letters descriptive of Travels through West and South Barbary, and across the Mountains of Atlas, &c. &c. By James Grey Jackson. London. 1820. 8vo. pp. 547.

An epitome of Shabeeny's part in this valuable work, was contained in the *Literary Gazette*, Number 171. Since the date of that publication, the volume now before us has appeared. Sixteen years' residence in the country, has stored the author's mind with a fund of interesting intelligence; and we do not dislike the desultory form in which he has poured it out in this volume. The charm of variety is undoubtedly great; and when it is thrown over matter intrinsically good, he must be a sour critic indeed who can resist being highly pleased with the treat. For such we thank Mr. Jackson, to whom for this week we shall only become debtor for a few miscellaneous extracts from the division of lighter character, entitled "Fragments, Notes, and Anecdotes," and leaving the graver considerations of commerce, civilization, &c. to a future opportunity. This chapter is introduced as follows:

In recording the following anecdotes and fragments, the naked truth is stated, without the embellishments of language, or the labour of rhetoric, which the wiser part of mankind have always approved of as the most instructive way of writing; and all such as are acquainted with books will readily agree with me, that many authors stretch, even to the prejudice of truth, from an affectation of elegance of style.

The following facts, therefore, will form the materials for a history, rather than a history itself.

The study of the language and customs of the Arabs is the best comment upon the *Old Testament*. The language of the modern Jews is little to be regarded; their dispersion into various nations, having no fixed habitation, being wholly addicted to their own interest, their conformation to the respective customs of the various nations through which they are dispersed; have caused them, in a great measure, to forget their ancient customs and original language, except what is preserved in the Bible and in the exercise of their religion. Whereas the Arabs have continued in the constant possession of their country many centuries, and are so tenacious of their customs and habits, that they are, at this day, the same men they were three thousand years ago. Accordingly, many of their customs, at this day, remind us of what happened among their ancestors in the days of Abraham.

Timbuctoo coffee.—Coffee grows spontaneously in the vicinage of Timbuctoo, south of the Nile. Elshedd. I sent a quantity to Mr. James Willis, formerly Consul for Senegambia: it was of a bitter taste, which is the general character of this grain before it is improved by cultivation.

Sand Baths.—The Arabs bury the body erect in sand, up to the chin, as a remedy for several disorders, particularly syphilis.

Moral Justice.—The imperial army being

encamped in Temsena, on the confines of Tedla, an Arab chieftain found that a friend of the emperor came into his *keyma** at night, and took liberties with his wife. The Arab suspected that he was (*shereef*) a prince, and therefore did not dare to kill him, but preferred a complaint to the emperor. The emperor was vexed to hear of such a gross breach of hospitality, and asked what time he made his visits? "At one hour after midnight," the Arab replied. "Then," said the emperor, "when he comes, do you let me know by giving the watchword to this man, and he will then know what to do; and depend thou on my seeing justice done to thee for the aggression." The marauder came; the Arab repaired to the guard of the imperial tent, and gave the word; the guard apprised the emperor, as he was directed, who personally repaired to the tent of the Arab, and, being convinced of the fact, ran the man through with his lance: this was done without a light. The body was brought before the tent, and it was discovered to be an officer of the imperial guard. The emperor, on seeing that it was not a shereef (a prince) prostrated himself in fervent prayer for a considerable time. The courtiers who were all assembled by this time to witness this extraordinary occurrence, wondered what could induce the emperor to be so fervent in prayer; which his majesty observing, told them, "that he went alone to the tent, thinking that nobody but a shereef would have dared to commit such a breach of hospitality, in so open a manner: therefore he killed him without having a light, lest, on discovering him to be a prince, personal affection might give way to justice; but that when he discovered that it was not a relation, he returned thanks to God Almighty, that, in his determination to have justice administered, he had not killed his own son!"

Characteristic Trait of Muhamedans.—One of the emperor's ministers, when an English fleet was cruising off Salee, and just after some impost had been levied on the merchandise already purchased and warehoused by the Christian merchants, suggested the impolicy at that moment, of harsh measures against Europeans: the emperor, in a jocose manner, asked what harm he could suffer from the fleets of Europeans? "They could destroy your imperial majesty's ports," replied the minister. "Then I would build them again for one-half what it would cost them to destroy them. But if they dared to do that, I could retaliate, by sending out my cruisers to take their trading ships, which would so increase the premiums of insurance (for the *haffers*) infidels insure all things on earth, trusting nothing to God!)"

Customs of the Shellahs of the Southern Atlas, viz. of Idaultit (in Lower Suse).—The mountains of Idaultit are inhabited by

* *Keyma* is the name for an Arab's tent; they are made of goat's hair, and are black.

† The Muhamedans abuse the Christians for their mistrust of Providence, exemplified in their insuring ships, merchandise, &c. that they would be glad to sue for peace again.

a courageous and powerful people, strict to their honour and word, unlike their neighbours of Elala. They make verbal contracts between themselves, and never go to law, or record their contracts or agreements, trusting implicitly to each other's faith and honour. If a man goes to this country to claim a debt due, he cannot receive it while there, but must first leave the country, and trust to the integrity of the Idaultitee, who will surely pay when convenient, but cannot bear compulsion or restraint. They do not acknowledge any sultan, but have a divan of their own, called *Eljma*, who settle all disputes between man and man. These people cultivate the plains, when there is no khilaf in Suse; but when there is, they retire to the fastnesses in their mountains, and defy the arm of power; satisfying themselves with the produce of the mountains.

Food.—*Kuscacoe* is flour moistened with water, and granulated with the hand to the size of partridge shot. It is then put into a steamer uncovered, under which fowl, or mutton, and vegetables, such as onions, and turnips, are put to boil: when the steam is seen to pass through the *kuscacoe* it is taken off and shook in a basin, to prevent the adhesion of the grains; and then put in the steamer again, and steamed a second time. When it is taken off, some butter, salt, pepper, and saffron, are mixed with it, and it is served up in a large bowl. The top is garnished with the fowl or mutton, and the onions and turnips. When the saffron has made it the colour of straw, it has received the proper quota. This is, when properly cooked, a very palatable and nutritious dish.

Hassua is gruel boiled, and then left over the fire two hours. It is made with barley not ground into flour, but into small particles the size of sparrow-shot. It is a very salubrious food for breakfast, inasmuch that they have a proverb which intimates that physicians need never go to those countries wherein the inhabitants break their fast with *hassua*.

El Hassueda is barley roasted in an earthen pan, then powdered in a mortar, and mixed with cold water, and drank. This is the travelling food of the country—of the Arab, the Moor, the Bereber, the Shellah, and the Negro; and is universally used by travellers in crossing the Sahara: the Akkaba that proceed from Akka and Tatta to Timbuctoo, Housa, and Wangara, are always provided with a sufficient quantity of this simple restorative to the hungry stomach.

Anecdote of Muley Ismael.—Muley Ismael compared his subjects to a bag full of rats.—"If you let them rest," said the warrior, "they will gnaw a hole in it: keep them moving, and no evil will happen." So his subjects, if kept continually occupied, the government went on well; but if left quiet, seditions would quickly arise. This sultan was always in the tented-field: he would say, that he should not return to his palace until the tents were rotten. He kept his army incessantly occupied in making plantations of olives, or in building: rest

and rebellion were with him synonymous terms.

Library at Fas.—When the present emperor came to the throne, there was a very extensive and valuable library of Arabic manuscripts at Fas, consisting of many thousand volumes. Some of the more intelligent literary Moors are acquainted with events that happened formerly, during the time of the Roman power, which Europeans do not possess. Abdrahaman ben Nassar, bashaw of Abda, was perfectly acquainted with Livy and Tacitus, and had read those works from the library at Fas. It is more than probable that the works of these authors, as well as those of many other Romans and Greeks, are to be found translated into the Arabic language, in the hands of private individuals in West and in South Barbary. This library was dispersed at the accession of Muley Soliman, and books commenting on the Koran only were retained; the rest were burned or dispersed among the natives.

Cairo.—The city of El Kahira is called by Europeans Cairo. When Kairo was founded, in the 359th year of the Hejra, the planet Mars was in ascension; and it is Mars who conquers the universe: "therefore," said Moaz, (the son of El Mansor) to his son, "I have given it the name of El Kahira."

The European merchants at Mogodor escape from decapitation.—The late emperor, Muley Yezid, proceeded from Mequinas to Morocco, with an army of thirty thousand cavalry, to take the field against the rebellious Abdrahaman ben Nassar, bashaw of the province of Abda, acting conjointly with the bashaw of the province of Duquella, who had collected an army of eighty thousand men, of which fifty thousand were horse. The emperor, on his arrival at Morocco, was exasperated against the kabyls of the south; and was informed that the merchants of Mogodor had supplied his rebel subject, Abdrahaman, with ammunition. Enraged at this report, which the exasperated state of his mind prompted him to believe, he issued an order to the governor of Mogodor, implicating the greater part of the European merchants of that port of high treason, and ordered their decapitation. This order was brought by one Fenishe, a relation of Tahir Fenishe, who had been, some years before, ambassador from Morocco to the court of St. James's. The governor, however, suspecting that the order had been issued in a moment of irritation, delayed its execution, in the hope that it might be countermanded; or, in the hope that the result of a battle would render it unnecessary to be put in execution.—Soon afterwards, news arrived at Mogodor that the two armies had met, had fought, and the emperor had vanquished his antagonists, who had more than double his force, but was himself dangerously wounded. This induced the governor still further to delay the execution; having now ascertained that the order was obtained by a stratagem of malicious and ill-disposed people. The next day news came that the

emperor suffered extremely from a ball in the upper part of the thigh, which the surgeons could not extract. The emperor, in a fit of frenzy, from pain or passion, took his (*Amaya*) dagger, cut open the wound to the ball, and expired soon after. Thus were the merchants of Mogodor saved providentially from an untimely death.

We find some repetitions in Mr. Jackson's work, and some inaccuracies so obvious as not to require being pointed out.

BARRY CORNWALL'S NEW POEMS.

Having in our last exhibited the principal poem, Marcan Colonna, to our readers, we this week present a very brief example from the Dramatic Scenes, which follow that tale. The first of these is founded on the death of the Emperor Julian, called the Apostate, and opens thus—

(JULIAN—alone.)

To-morrow!—aye, to-morrow. The bright Sun

Of my life will set in blood. Dark, heavy clouds
Are rolling round about me, yet my eye
Can reach into the dim eternity,
And in its bosom is—my grave. Oh! then,
Valour and War, farewell! Soldiers and friends,
Who in tempest of the battle, once,
With your loves girded me like triple steel,
I must be gone. Morning and Night farewell!
And all the beauty of this visible world;
And thou, fair Air! who music art and perfume,
Colour and light, and in thy silent arms
Now nursed with cold dew the sleeping flower,
And bidd'st the fever'd heart forget its pain,
Shall I behold thee never again?—Never!
A dull, protracting, melancholy word,
That, in an alien language, talks despair.
'Never!'—then Hope is gone and time de-

parted;
And Happiness that flies and then returns,
Making its presence precious—all are gone.
—Is there no armour of the soul wherein
I may array my thoughts and vanquish Death?
It may not be: my hour is come—is come:
And I must tread upon that shadowy strand
A shadow, a pale solitary thing,
For ages and for ages, and there be
A Spirit, filled with human thoughts and pains,
Languishing for some remote Elysium.
Great Mars, look down upon me: Am I not
Thy son adopted? oh! my patron Mars,
My father, and my god, I perish here
For want of succour. Fate and Death, at hand,
Wait smiling for the dust of Julian;
And the grave opens, with a sickly smile,
Its hollow home, inviting me to rest.
Away—this must not be. Imperial Rome
Leans on my sword.—Who goes?

The second scene commences with a very fine piece of poetical philosophy.

JULIAN (on his couch, wounded): PRISCUS, MAXIMUS.

Max. You're easier now?

Julian. Much easier: many thanks.

—And so you think, good Priscus, that the Soul
Doth of necessity quit this feeble clay,
When the poor breath departs—that 'tis not
hung

On muscle or nerve, or buried in the blood,

As some will teach. For my part, I believe
That there is good and evil, and for each
Due punishment and reward. Shall we not meet
Our friends hereafter, think you, Maximus?

Max. I hope so, my dear Lord.

Julian. What think you, Sir?

Priscus. I must believe it. There is in the world

Nothing to fill up the wide heart of man;
He languishes for something past the grave;
He hopes—and Hope was never vainly given.

Max. Hope treads but shadowy ground, a
best.

Priscus. It is—

Max. A guess.

Julian. And yet, Priscus is right, I think:
And Hope has in the soul obscure allies—
Remorse, for evil acts; the dread of death;
Anticipative joy, (tho' that, indeed,
Is Hope, more certain;) and as, Priscus says,
That inward languishment of mind, which dreams
Of some remote and high accomplishment,
And pictures to our fancies perfect sights,
Sounds and delights celestial;—and, above all,
That feeling of a liminary power,
Which strikes and circumscribes the soul, and
speaks

Dimly, but with a voice potential, of
Wonders beyond the world, ethereal,
Starry, and pure, and sweet, and never ending.
I cannot think that the great Mind of man,
With its accumulated wisdoms too,
Must perish; why, the world he utters live;
And is the Spirit which gives birth to things
Below its own creations?

We merely quote the few last lines;
the death of Julian, who speaks—

Farewell; I faint: My tongue is withered up.
It clings against my mouth. Some air—air.
Ah!

This is death, Priscus. Oh! How like a child
A Soldier sinks before him. Jove!—(dies.)

Max. He faints.

Priscus. He does indeed, for ever: his last
breath
Is mingled with the winds.

The next scene, Amelia Wentworth,
we like less upon the whole than any
thing the author has published. It has,
however, some brilliant passages. A
death-bed reflection is the only one we
shall transcribe.

Amel. How slowly and how silently doth Time
Float on his starry journey. Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon at night. Methinks, I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.
Lo! I am here, and Time seems passing on:
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing—
Yet he will still be here; and the blue Hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world,
As tho' I were alive to welcome them.

The Rape of Proserpine; is a beautiful copy of the pure Greek Tragedy
but our arrangements for our present
Number render further extracts ineligible.

THE HIMALA MOUNTAINS.

[Account continued from *Fraser's Journal*:—Approach to Gangotree, one of the sacred sources of

* El Kahira is the Arabic for the planet Mars, and signifies victorious.

the Ganges, never before visited by a European.
1815.]

July 19.—A misty morning succeeded a night in which drizzling rain had fallen. There were several points to be arranged before we could set off. In the first place, it was agreed to leave all the Mnasulmaus of the party at the village. The Pandit next represented, that it was not customary to permit any armed person to approach the sacred shrine, nor even to pass beyond the village, and that all persons here put off their shoes, and performed this stage with naked feet.

As by the general voice it was allowed that marauding and plundering were common occurrences in this neighbourhood, I did not deem it proper or safe to go wholly unarmed; but I agreed that only five men should be permitted thus accoutred to attend us, and that I should myself carry my gun. But all these weapons of war were to be put aside before we got within sight of the holy spot, and deposited in a cave near it, under a guard. I also pledged myself that no use should be made of these instruments, nor any life sacrificed for the purpose of food, either by myself or by any of my people, after leaving the village, until we returned; moreover, that I would not even carry meat of any sort, dead or alive, along with me, but eat only rice and bread. As to the putting off my shoes, they did not even propose it to me, and it could not have been done; but I volunteered to put them off, when entering into the precincts of the temple and holier places, which pleased them greatly. All the Hindoos, including the Ghorkhas, went from the village barefoot.

It was seven o'clock before all these matters were adjusted, and we were fairly in route. The road, for rather more than two cos, lies generally through a wood of large firs, a little above the river bed; the path is good, but there are some very bad steps. We then ascended the projection of a rock, which closes up the view, by a curiously constructed rude set of steps, formed of beams of wood and stones, stuck into the fissures of the rock. From this point the river had run to the village, chiefly in a shingly bed of unequal breadth. But here the rocks close over its stream, and confine it as in a trough: the chasm is very deep, dark, and narrow, and from hence we held a more devious path, over enormous fragments fallen from above, broken pieces of fallen trees, all interlaced together by tangle jungle, to a retired spot beneath some spreading trees, where a cool spring, and the pleasantness of the place, generally induce pilgrims to halt.

The river runs below this at a depth of more than one hundred yards, closely confined between two winding walls of solid rock, in which it has hollowed itself a bed, only sufficient to contain it, hardly broader above than it is below, where it tumbles over a succession of falls for a considerable way. Beyond this the road is difficult, and frequently dangerous, passing along the face of scars, in the beds of torrents, across rocks, and over fragments of trees and rocks, and ending in a very ugly and perilous descent, about six

cos from the village, which leads to Bhyram Ghauttee.

This is a very singular and terrible place. The course of the river has continued foaming through its narrow rocky bed, and the hills approach their heads, as though they would meet at a prodigious height above. At this point the Bhagiruttee is divided into two branches: that which preserves the name descends from the eastward, and the other, of a size fully equal, called the Jhannevie, joins it from the north-east. Both these rivers run in chasms, the depth, narrowness, and rugged wildness of which it is impossible to describe: between them is thrust a lofty crag, like a wedge, equal in height and savage aspect to those that on either side tower above the torrents. The extreme precipitousness of all these, and the roughness of their faces, with wood which grows near the river side, obstruct the view, and prevent the eye from comprehending the whole at a glance; but still the distant black cliffs, topped with lofty peaks of snow, are discerned, shutting up the view in either of the three ravines, when the clouds for a moment permit them to appear.

Just at the bottom of the deep and dangerous descent, and immediately above the junction of these two torrents, an old and crazy wooden bridge is thrown across the Bhagiruttee, from one rock to the other, many feet above the stream: and it is not till we reach this point that the extraordinary nature of the place, and particularly of the bed of the river, is fully comprehended; and there we see the stream in a state of dirty foam, twisting violently, and with mighty noise, through the curiously hollowed trough of solid granite, cutting it into the strangest shapes, and leaping in fearful waves over every obstacle. From hence the gigantic features of the mountains may frequently be seen, overhanging the deep black glen; their brown splintered crags hardly differing in colour from the blasted pines which start from their fissures and crevices, or even from the dark foliage of those which yet live.

It is wonderful how much the character of these trees harmonizes with the place, sometimes bare of leaves or limbs, shooting up like an arrow from their roots; at others sending a fantastic bough athwart the dell, or stretching forth their gray and dry arms like gigantic skeletons. But no description can give just ideas of this spot, or reach its sublime extravagancies. The attempt even is a mockery.

The bed of the Jhannevie is at least equally savage and picturesque; but I had not equal opportunities of acquaintance with it; the perpendicularity of its rocky sides, and their height above the water, are, perhaps, even greater than those of the Bhagiruttee. This river is said to have its origin in a very lofty mountain, called Ree-Ke-Soor-Stan, situated in the territories of China, and which is fifteen days' journey from hence, in a direction nearly that of its apparent course from hence, viz. north east. I should incline to think it had a course more from the eastward. Just at the end of the bridge there is an overhanging rock, under

which worship is performed to Bhyram, and a black stone partly painted red is the image of the god; and here prayers and worship alone were not performed, but every one was obliged to bathe and eat bread baked by the Brahmins, as preparatory to the great and effectual ablutions at the holier Gungotree. This occupied a considerable time, as the party was numerous; in the mean time I took a very imperfect sketch of the scene, after which I bathed myself at the proper place (which is the junction of the two streams) while the Brahmia prayed over me. Among the ceremonies performed, he made me hold a tuft of grass while he prayed, which at the conclusion he directed me to throw into the eddy occasioned by the meeting of the two waters. The spot where we bathe is a mere point of shingle, just under the rock which divides the two streams. It is necessary to be somewhat cautious in proceeding into the water, as it is exceedingly deep close to the shore; and about two yards towards the middle the stream becomes so rapid as to leave no chance of recovering a movement that should carry one into it. It is extremely cold, as may be imagined, the whole being fresh snow water. Near the bridge there is a spring tinged with iron.

From hence we ascended the rock, at the foot of which the bridge is situated, by a path more curious, dangerous, and difficult, than any we had yet passed. As the rock is too steep and perpendicular to afford a natural path, the chief part is artificially constructed, in the manner before mentioned, of large beams of wood, driven into the fissures, on which other beams and large stones are placed; thus forming a hanging flight of steps over the fearful gulf below: and as this has suffered somewhat from age and weather, while the facilities for attaching it to the rock are rather scanty, or altogether wanting; it is frequently so far from being sufficient, that it strikes dread into any one not much accustomed to this mode of ascent. Sometimes it is even required to make a leap to reach the next sure footing, with the precipice yawning below; and, at others, with merely the support afforded by a slight projecting ledge, and the help of a bamboo hung from some root above, to cling to the rock and make a hazardous passage.

One cos from Gungotree, and two cos from Mianee-ke Gadh, we reached a spot called Patangnee, which is noted as the place where the Pandooan, or five brothers, Bheemasing, Arjun, Joodishteer, Sahadeo, and Nakeel, remained for twelve years, worshipping Mahadeo, after his retreat to Himala from Lanka. After that period they left this place, and ascended Soorga-romnee, a peak of the sacred hill, whence the Ganges flows: there four of the brothers died, and their immortal parts ascended to heaven; but the fifth, Joodishteer, without tasting the bitterness of death, or quitting his earthly tenement, was assumed, body and spirit, into the heavenly mansions. The spot which bears the name of Gungotree is concealed by the roughness of the ground, and the masses of fallen rock, so as not to be seen till the traveller comes close upon it.

A gunshot below Gungotree, the Kedar Gunga, a rapid and considerable stream, debouches into the Bhagiruttee, at a place called Gourececonda; and this is a holy place, where a second ablution is usually performed before Gungotree can be approached. I could not learn the reason of this sanctity, but I believe there is an allusion in the name to some mythological story. The same name was given to one of the hot springs at Jumnootree. There is no holy place of purification by bathing which has not a count or well of this name.

The hills which form between the bed of the river, and which are exceedingly precipitous and close the whole way from Bhyainghattee, here recede a little, and without losing any thing of their savage grandeur, admit somewhat of a less confined view, and more of the light of day. Below Gourececonda, the river falls over a rock of considerable height in its bed, and continues tumbling over a succession of petty cascades or rapids nearly the whole way to Mianee-ke-Gad, h. Above the debouché of the Kedar Gunga, the bed widens into a small shingly space, in which the river rapidly rolls, obviously changing its course as the floods direct it. Just at the gorge of this space a bridge has been thrown across, which is formed of two parts, the interior ends of the beams resting on a large rock in the centre; and just above the bridge, in a bay formed by a reach of the river in this shingly space, fifteen feet above the stream, is situated the small temple, or mût, dedicated to the goddess Gunga, or Bhagiruttee.

In former times no temple made with hands was provided for the worship of the deity, but within these few years, the piety of Umur Sing Tihappa, the chief of the Ghoorkha conquerors, appropriated a sum of money of about four or five hundred rupees for the erection of the small building which is now placed there; and it by no means clearly appears whether he has in truth done an act pleasing or disgusting to the goddess.

The temple is situated precisely on the sacred stone on which Bhagiruttee used to worship Mahadeo, and is a small building of a square shape for about twelve feet high, and rounding in, in the usual form of pagodas, to the top. It is quite plain, painted white, with red mouldings, and surmounted with the usual melon-shaped ornaments of these buildings.

The scene in which this holy place is situated is worthy of the mysterious sanctity attributed to it, and the reverence with which it is regarded. We have not here the confined gloominess of Bhyainghattee: the actual dread which cannot but be inspired by the precipices, and torrents, and perils of the place, here gives way to a sensation of awe, imposing but not embarrassing, that might be compared to the dark and dangerous passage to the centre of the ruins of a former world; for, most truly, there is little here that recalls the recollection of that which we seem to have quitted. The bare and peaked cliffs which shoot to the skies, yield not in ruggedness or elevation to any we have seen;

their ruins lie in wild chaotic masses at their feet, and scantier wood imperfectly relieves their nakedness; even the dark pine more rarely roots itself in the deep chasms which time has worn. Thus on all sides is the prospect closed, except in front to the eastward; where, from behind a mass of bare spires, four huge, lofty, snowy peaks arise; these are the peaks of Roodroo-Himala. There could be no finer finishing, no grander close to such a scene.

We approach it through a labyrinth of enormous shapeless masses of granite, which during ages have fallen from the cliffs above that frown over the very temple, and in all probability will some day themselves descend in ruins and crush it. Around the inclosure, and among these masses, for some distance up the mountain, a few fine old pine trees throw a dark shade, and form a magnificent foreground; while the river runs impetuously in its shingly bed, and the stifled but fearful sound of the stones which it rolls along with it, crushing together, mixes with the roar of its waters.

It is easy to write of rocks and wilds, of torrents and precipices; it is easy to tell of the awe such scenes inspire: this style and these descriptions are common and hackneyed. But it is not so simple, to many surely not very possible, to convey an adequate idea of the stern and rugged majesty of some scenes; to paint their lonely desertness, or describe the undefinable sensation of reverence and dread that steals over the mind while contemplating the deathlike ghastly calm that is shed over them; and when at such a moment we remember our homes, our friends, our firesides, and all social intercourse with our fellows, and feel our present solitude, and far distance from all these dear ties, how vain is it to strive at description! Surely such a scene is Gungotree. Nor is it, independent of the nature of the surrounding scenery, a spot which lightly calls forth powerful feelings. We were now in the centre of the stupendous Himala, the loftiest and perhaps most rugged range of mountains in the world. We were at the acknowledged source of that noble river, equally an object of veneration and a source of fertility, plenty, and opulence to Hindostan; and we had now reached the holiest shrine of Hindoo worship which these holy hills contain. These are surely striking considerations, combining with the solemn grandeur of the place, to move the feelings strongly.

The fortuitous circumstance of being the first European that ever penetrated to this spot was no matter of boast, for no great danger had been braved, no extraordinary fatigues undergone; the road is now open to any other who chooses to attempt it, but it was a matter of satisfaction to myself.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

INSANITY.*

On the Establishment for the reception of

* On this subject so painfully interesting to

Lunatics in France, and on the means of ameliorating the fate of those unfortunate persons.—A Memorial presented to his Excellency the Minister of the Interior, by Dr. Esquirol, Physician to the Salpêtrière at Paris.

The word *hospital* is allied to that of *hospitality*, a virtue celebrated among the ancients. Hospitals are monuments of beneficence. There is scarcely a town without some establishment of this nature. "I will render my empire so rich, that hospitals shall be unnecessary," said Aurengzebe, when he was asked why he built none. But Montesquieu thinks that he ought, on the contrary, to have said, "I will begin by making my empire rich, and then I will build hospitals."

We are quite ignorant what formerly became of lunatics: probably a great number of them perished; the most dangerous were confined in dungeons; the rest, when they were not burnt as sorcerers, or as possessed by the devil, wandered at liberty about town or country, objects of derision or of pity.*

It was not till towards the commencement of the 17th century, that patients of this description became, in France, the objects of particular attention. At the persuasive voice of St. Vincent de Paul, establishments were formed to receive these unfortunate men. The lunatics, who had till then roamed about without succour, were collected, and placed in the hospitals, where certain quarters were assigned them, as has been done in our times in the *dépôts de mendicité*. Yet in England, a priory called Bethlehem (afterwards corrupted into Bedlam) which Henry VIII. had given to the city of London a few years before, was assigned for the care of lunatics, as far back as 1553. The number of the patients in this establishment increasing daily, it was rebuilt on a more extensive plan in 1675, at the expense of 16,000*l.* sterling: a large sum for those days.

In 1751 this hospital being quite inadequate, another, called St. Laikes, was erected by voluntary subscription.

A few years before Dr. Jonathan Swift had founded at Dublin the Asylum of St. Patrick, for lunatics and idiots.

In 1657 there were 44 lunatics declared incurable in the *petites maisons* of Paris, who were confined in so many cells. The Parliament had three years before, ordered, "that a place should be established for the confinement of the insane of both sexes, who are at present, or who shall hereafter be, in the said general hospital (*Hôtel Dieu*)."

In several provinces lunatics were confined in the prisons or the convents, mixed with criminals and rogues: hence the name of *humanity*, it is our intention to submit several papers; and finally, besides noting as we proceed, to draw some conclusions from the curious facts which they will be found to contain.

Ed.

* Of the truth of this most affecting picture we have no doubt. Gracious Heaven!—poor human nature—to what miseries, degradations, and misfortunes have you been doomed by the ignorance, brutality, and madness of man? Ed.

Discipline, or Maison de Correction, which has been given in several places, to hospitals for the insane.

The humane exertions which in 1774 led to the great amelioration in the hospitals, did not extend to those for the insane; their fate remained the same. They were forgotten in their dungeons, like criminals: and it was not till 1787, that Tenon, after having visited the most celebrated establishments of London and England, proposed to remove the insane from the *Hôtel-Dieu*, and place them in an hospital with 200 beds, 80 for the men, and 120 for the women.*

The following year, that part of the *Salpêtrière* was built which is destined for female lunatics, and Dr. Pinel consented to accept the medical direction of it. He ameliorated the condition of these unhappy persons, by improvements in every part of the establishment: it was there he commenced those labours, which have done him so much honor. He obtained a separate infirmary for those whose madness was combined with another disorder, and who were formerly removed to the infirmary of the prison. He caused eighty of these poor creatures, who had been chained for many years, to be released from their fetters. He cured several by a humane treatment, which was the result of profound reflection, and was till then unknown. The popular faction, taking advantage of the successful labours of this distinguished physician, boasted of them, as a sort of triumph of the fashionable notions of the day.

The same year, Daquin de Chambéry published his "*Traité de la philosophie de la Folie*," a work which gave indications of all the ameliorations which have since been adopted in only some great establishments, and particular parts of civilized countries.

Dr. Esquirol, for many years the associate of Dr. Pinel, at the Salpêtrière, having himself formed at Paris one of the best establishments of this kind, judging that much still remained to be done in France, to ameliorate the instruction of these unfortunates, and desiring to appreciate the influence, which the improvements introduced at Paris in the public and private lunatic establishments, had had in the rest of the kingdom, determined to visit all the cities and examine the institutions destined for maladies of this description. He has drawn up his observations separately for each house, hospital, and prison: he had the plans of several of those establishments sketched and engraved for the purpose of comparing what is done in France with what is observed in other countries, especially in England.

The result of this tour is the subject of the memorial before us; the summary of a

* In the treatment of mental derangement, no chase can occur, where it will be necessary to subject the unfortunate maniac to constant confinement in a cell. Whenever this is adopted, there can be no doubt of its being the result either of brutalization, of ignorance, or of the combination of both of these, from which this most unhappy class of men have suffered deeply.—*Ed.*

great work which the author intends to publish in the ensuing spring.

"Every one," says this worthy follower of Howard, "may make himself sure of not drawing upon himself the severity of the laws; but who can promise himself that he shall not be struck by a malady, which seizes its victims at all ages of life, in all ranks, in all conditions?"

"Those for whom I speak, are the most interesting members of society, almost always victims of the prejudices, the injustice, and the ingratitude of their fellow-creatures. They are fathers of families, faithful wives, upright merchants, skilful artists, warriors dear to their country, distinguished men of letters; they are persons of ardent, lofty, and sensible minds: and yet these same individuals, who ought to be the objects of peculiar interest, those unfortunate beings who labour under the most dreadful of human afflictions, are treated worse than criminals, and reduced to a condition below that of the brute creation.

"I have seen them naked, or covered with rags, with nothing but straw to protect them from the cold damp of the pavement upon which they were stretched. I have seen them coarsely fed, deprived of air to breathe, of water to quench their thirst, and of the first necessities of life. I have seen them delivered to real jailors, and abandoned to their brutal superintendence. I have seen them in narrow, dirty, infected holes, without air, without light, chained in dens which would be thought too bad to confine wild beasts, which the ostentation of governments maintains at a great expense, in capital cities.

"This is what I have seen almost every where in France; this is the manner in which the insane are treated almost every where in Europe.†

In France, the insane, to the number of five thousand one hundred and fifty three, are distributed in fifty-nine houses. Of this number above two thousand are in the three great establishments at Paris.

In this city, as well as in the north, the women are in general the majority; whereas the contrary is observed in the south and in Spain.

In the whole kingdom there are only eight special establishments for the insane, most of which bear the name of "Royal Houses of Health;" some exclusively destined for one or the other sex, while in the others both men and women are received at the same time. These sufferers are often confounded with epileptic patients; with rogues

* In addressing the attendants of Maniacs, it might be a good plan, with the view of enforcing humanity, to keep this condition of our nature constantly before their eyes, by reminding them that they are not exempted from this disease.—*Ed.*

† This is often true as to the victims of mental derangement—these afflicting pictures are not long removed from disgracing this country; and much yet remains to be done, in private, as well as at our public establishments in the army and navy, where there is a great want of experience in the treatment of this disease.—*Ed.*

or vagabonds, confined for punishment; and incurable lunatics, who are shut up for life: so that it may be affirmed, that France is hitherto without establishments exclusively appropriated to the cure of mental derangement. It is to accomplish this most important object that Dr. Esquirol proposes to erect a small number, each capable of containing from one hundred to a hundred and fifty lunatics, * all under the proper medical treat-

* This opinion as to the number of maniacs that should be assembled, in any single establishment, is most judicious, as applying to recent cases of this malady; and consequently to those of whom in the excited form of the disease, seventeen and eighteen out of twenty, are curable under judicious and humane treatment. This opinion is delivered on authority that leaves no doubt on our mind as to the susceptibility of cure in the great proportion of cases of this disease. This number, one hundred, should be accommodated in two buildings, with colonnades surrounding them; so that exercise may be taken, protected from the sun, in the open air, at all periods of the year, and under all changes of weather. A building should also be erected for the use of those who are insensible to the calls of nature; as no arrangement can be more improper than associating these poor creatures with the cleanly and highly sentient maniac. The congregating a great number of human beings under the same roof, is as unfriendly to health of body, as to health of mind. It is unfriendly to correct discipline; it is from presenting so many objects of varied disease, in close succession, unfriendly to cleanliness and classification; and it also becomes unfriendly to a minute arrangement of the duties of their attendants, whose good conduct and humanity are of the utmost consequence in curing this disease. It is important to bring every thing connected with the same forms of this malady, before the eye of the medical men at a *coup d'œil*, and to which classification is essential. Bethlehem, as a building, appears singularly faulty, in this point of view; as in place of one erection, it should have consisted of several subdivisions, which would have increased the facilities of classification, as well as every other useful arrangement. The patients, in walking about, at this establishment, during the whole diurnal course of the sun, have little protection from his influence; and thus exercise in the open air, during bad weather, is, generally speaking, unattainable without their being wet. The greater part of the ground around this hospital appears to strangers to be most strikingly and most unfeelingly perverted; for, in place of its being appropriated to the employment of the maniacs, in gardening and exercise, it is almost wholly devoted to show, which is, comparatively speaking, of little use to the insane.

Deranged patients, where nothing forbids it, should be kept much in the open air during the day, as this will have the best effect in promoting sleep, and thereby assisting their cure. The noisy state of maniacal establishments during the night, gene-

ment. This would furnish a model for a school of instruction, as well as an object of emulation for other establishments of the kind. In order to be received, the lunatic must not have been under a course of medicine elsewhere, nor his malady be of more than a year's standing; nor must he have any contagious disease, or syphilis. Experience having shewn that almost as many patients are cured in the second year after the first attack of this disease, as in the first, the patients should all be considered as incurable after this period.*

Though the eight establishments, of which we have just spoken, have faults, and perhaps some radical defects, they are, nevertheless, such as they are, far preferable to the other houses where lunatics are also received, occupying only the oldest buildings, dilapidated, damp, badly contrived, and by no means built to suit their new destination, except some cells or dungeons in which the ungovernable lunatics are confined.

We meet with other general hospitals, where the lunatics, except those who are raving mad, live mixed with the other patients, and even the idiots and the poor wretches said to be incurable. Nay, in some places, they go so far as to crowd them pell-mell with the prisoners in the *quartiers de force*: and these unfortunate victims are almost every where placed on the same regimen as the indigent.

In the thirty-three cities of France, which Dr. Esquirol visited, the insane are received into the general hospitals, where they admit, at the same time, old people, children, the infirm, persons afflicted with the itch, and even prostitutes and criminals.

At the Salpêtrière and the Bicêtre, the ward of the insane is, in some measure, rully arises from a want of attention to this obvious and simple principle. There is no disease that, in its treatment, requires more assiduous attention than mania, and therefore, those labouring under this affliction will derive singular advantages from being daily visited by their medical attendant. The prompt application of a few leeches will often moderate an approaching paroxysm, and be the means of rendering coercion almost unnecessary.—*Ed.*

* Such principles, if adopted, would be fatal to the restoration of many maniacs, who, under juster views and perseverance, would be cured. No method is so likely to render a disease incurable as considering it so; and this apathy the maniac has too often experienced. We contend, that while the bodily health of the patient continues good, he should never be abandoned as incurable, as under the most complicated misery, human nature seldom abandons itself; hope will prevail in the midst of the most gloomy presentations; and it therefore becomes the duty of friends to adopt this principle towards their severely afflicted relation, who is wholly in their power. If they neglect this, they neglect to fulfil what he, with the consciousness of his state, would have done for himself. Under such circumstances, would he abandon himself? Certainly not. And this consideration ought to weigh with friends who possess the means of carrying it into effect.—*Ed.*

independent of the rest of the building; they have a particular regimen, servants, and a physician.

In those towns where *dépôts de mendicité* had been established, it was proposed to add to them a *quartier de force*, for the raving mad only; some had been already built, in which these are left continually chained in their cells. The other lunatics are destitute of that particular attention which their condition requires; there are even towns where they have not blushed to place the insane in the prisons.

In general there are few houses of confinement in which we do not find raving lunatics, cruelly chained in dungeons, like criminals. "What a monstrous association!" exclaims the philanthropic Esquirol, with great reason.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The Sheffield Mercury, after mentioning Messrs. Parkes' patent invention, for the consumption of their own smoke by furnaces, steam engines, &c. speaks of a similar method devised by Mr. Davies of Dukensfield. "This plan, the Editor says, Messrs. M. Cawood and Son, of Leeds, have applied to the steam engine furnace at their foundry, and with the happiest effect. The emission of the smoke is now scarcely more than from a common fire; and the contrast with the black and dense volumes of vapour which issue from the neighbouring furnaces, is very striking.—Messrs. Rothery and Co. have adopted the same method, at their oil mill, and with equal success. This improvement may be made in any furnace; and the expence will not exceed four or five shillings!—We therefore trust that the method will be universally adopted; and the blessings of a pure atmosphere be thus secured."

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, MAY 27.

On Saturday last, in Convocation, the Honorary Degree of M. A. was conferred on Johan Henricus De Saram, Gentleman Commoner of Exeter College, and son of Christoffel de Saram, 4th Maha-Modliar (or noble Magistrate) of Colombo, in Ceylon.

Saturday, May 20, the last day of Easter Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

DOCTOR IN CIVIL LAW.—Rev. Henry Cotton, Christ Church. **MASTERS OF ARTS.**—Rev. George Porter and Robert Samuel Richards, Worcester College. Rev. George Henry Curteis and George Bryan Panton, University College. Rev. Thomas Morris, Brasenose College. John Locke Jeans, Pembroke College. **BACHELORS OF ARTS.** Ralph Doughty, St. Alban Hall. James Dighton, Exeter College. John Stoup Wagstaffe, Lincoln College. Henry Barrett Lennard, Merton College. Horace Moutro, Richard Powys, and John Walmsley, University College. Thomas Pearson and Robert Coulthard, Scholars of Queen's College. Peter White Taylor and John Sankey, St.

Edmund Hall. Philip Perring, Lambert Blackwell Larking, Robert Young Keays, and Francis Maude, Brasenose College. George More Molyneux and Robert Biddulph Phillips, Trinity College. Henry John Gunning and John Alcock, Balliol College. Hon. Henry Alfred Napier, Christ Church. Robert Lloyd Anwyl Roberts, Jesus College.

The whole number of Degrees in Easter Term was—D. D. Two; D. C. L. Two; B. D. Four; Incorp. B. Med. One; Incorp. M. A. One; M. A. Fifty-one; B. A. Forty-eight; Matriculations, ninety-two.

Wednesday, May 24, the first day of Act Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.—Rev. John Russell, Grand Compounder. **MASTERS OF ARTS.**—Carre William Tupper, Scholar of Pembroke College. Rev. William Ghister, Scholar of University College. Rev. William Upjohn and Rev. John Henry Coates Borewell, St. Edmund Hall. William John Gilbert and Henry James Felden, Brasenose College. Francis Lloyd, Student of Christ Church. Rev. William Gibbs Straghn, Christ Church. Rev. William Tommishan Hanbury, New College. Rev. William Hall Hale, Oriel College. Rev. Daniel Jones, Scholar of Jesus College. Rev. William Leigh, Worcester College. **BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—John Gethin, Esq. John Herbert, Esq. Wadham College, Grand Compounders. John Percival George Lambe, Esq. Balliol College, Grand Compounder. Edward Cobbold, St. Alban Hall. Richard Rothwell, Alexander Begbie, and Thomas Edward Duncumb, Exeter College. Frederick Quarrington, Scholar of Pembroke College. Samuel Turner, Walter Calverly Trevelyan, and George Traherne, University College. Robert Riland Mendham, Philip Gregson Harper, George Nutcombe Oxnam, and John Hurt Barber, Wadham College. Henry Dixon, Brasenose College. Henry Anthony Pye and Roger Bird, Demies of Magdalen College. Hon. John Sedley Venables Vernon and James Shergold Boone, Students of Christchurch. William Duncumbe and Charles Sheffield, Christ Church. William Wynyard Bingham, Fellow of New College. Morgan Davies and Edward Jones, Jesus College.

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 29.

After a long investigation, the Hebrew Scholarship, at the university of Cambridge, has been adjudged to Mr. George Attwood, of Pembroke Hall; and a premium of 20*l.* was voted to Mr. John Jowett Stevens, for the knowledge he displayed in the examination. Mr. George Irving Scott, of Trinity Hall, is the fortunate candidate for the Chancellor's gold medal; the subject *Walterloo*.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

Biographic Sketches.

"But modesty in me forbids the defacements in men departed, their posterity yet remaining, enjoying the merit of their virtues, and do still live in their honour. And I had rather incur

the censure of abruptness, than slumber by eruption, or trampling on the graves of persons at rest, which living we durst not look in the face, nor make our addresses unto them, otherwise than with due regard to their honours, and reverence to their virtues."

Portrait of Sir Peter Paul Rubens.—Painted by himself. (HIS MAJESTY.)

The union of grandeur and truth, the two greatest attributes of painting, are so happily displayed in this masterly portrait, as to mark the superior feeling that results from the study of the higher walk of art. Among the multitudes who have devoted their lives exclusively to the painting of portraits, a department of the profession which points out the readiest path to employment, not many have acquired more than wealth. Yet to record that superior sentiment which we behold in the portraits by Raffaele, Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, Murillo, Velasquez, and our own great Reynolds, the living resemblance of persons whose superior actions have brought honour to their country, or whose exalted genius has supported the dignity of man, made in the image of his Creator, is an achievement not to be contemned; although some distinguished artists, affecting to decry portraiture as beneath their study, have led the public to declaim on the side of this uncandid conceit.

The dignity of the pen of the historian is not unworthily employed on the biography of an illustrious mind; nor is the pencil of the historical painter degraded by the delineation of the earthly form which that mind illumined. Why then should a gallery of portraits of the truly great, painted in the noblest style of art, excite less interest than pictures of the memorable deeds of the same beings? For, although their actions embrace a greater field for the imagery of design, each is estimable when contemplated by the eye of philosophy. Posterity might as highly estimate a picture of the hero of Waterloo by the hand of a Titian, as a scene of the field of his glory by that of a Rubens. It must ever be deplored, that there are not more portraits of great personages perpetuated by the pencils of great artists.

Rubens has portrayed himself in a broad-brimmed hat, clothed in a mantle of the same colour, with a narrow laced ruff, and decorated with a chain of gold, one of the many, it may be presumed, which had been presented to him by sovereign princes, but which this "consummate painter, enlightened scholar, and accomplished man of the world," has modestly concealed, leaving *secundum artem*, only a sparkling link of the honourable distinction visible. The countenance is dignified and intelligent, and painted with exquisite purity of colour: the picture is rich and harmonious.

Portrait of Sir Anthony Vandyck, painted by himself. (HIS MAJESTY.)

This is also a bust, and companion to Rubens; it is painted more in the style of his illustrious master, than that by Rubens himself. He wears a black mantle, without a hat; his hair, mustachio, and small tuft at the chin, are of a reddish hue. The countenance is expressive of great capacity, but not

illumined by that grandeur of character radiating from the brow of his prototype—nor is it so highly wrought.

These pictures are from the collection in Carlton House—his majesty having graciously condescended to contribute fifty-nine subjects, nearly one fourth of the whole catalogue. Another instance this of the munificent spirit which prevails in the breast of the king, and is so marked a characteristic of the royal family—that spirit which delights in the pleasure of obliging. Such a precedent from the throne, it is fervently hoped, will operate as it should; for although the artists owe so much to certain distinguished persons, for their considerate zeal, yet there are too many of high rank, who coldly withhold the finest specimens of art from this noble institution, under the plea that they cannot deprive their walls of these expensive decorations, to contribute to a public show. These narrow-minded persons should know, that his majesty courted this inconvenience for the public good, and cheerfully stripped the walls of his private residences for the promotion of this national object!

When application was first made to this illustrious person by certain directors of the British Institution, on the development of their reasons for exhibiting the works of the Old Masters, and a request preferred to know what pictures could be spared, the answer was worthy the then representative of George III. "any that may be chosen—or all."

It may be presumed that King Charles I. when prince Charles, and travelling *incognito* through France on his way to Spain, accompanied by the duke of Buckingham, became acquainted with Rubens; for the duke, who was never separate from his prince, had then an interview with the illustrious painter, who had recently completed his great work of the Luxembourg, the two last pictures for that gallery being executed at Paris.

In 1627, Rubens, whose fame had spread over Europe, arrived in England, being sent hither on a private political mission of no less consequence than the negotiation for a peace between England and Spain. He executed his commission with that address that led to a successful result, and produced for him a great acquisition of fame.

The English king prevailed on Rubens to undertake a series of allegorical pictures, the designs in honor of his father, to ornament the ceiling of that building then recently finished, the Banqueting Room, Whitehall, being part of a magnificent palace begun by James I. whose apotheosis forms the subject painted. Rubens received the honour of knighthood in testimony of his high merits, and was liberally rewarded for this work, which, for grandeur of design, and splendour of effect, is considered to be the finest plafond in Europe: yet such has been the indifference to works of taste in England, that thousands and tens of thousands have lived and died in London in every age, without

* Cipriani was employed to clean and repair the paintings on the ceiling of the Royal Chapel, Whitehall, in 1778, which work he completed with great success.

having seen this magnificent display of talent.

King Charles had purchased a fine gallery of pictures of Rubens, collected by him in his travels, and which for a time had decorated the walls of his mansion at Antwerp. The negotiation for the purchase was managed by that distinguished patron of the arts, the first duke of Buckingham, before Rubens visited England. The king gave for this addition to the royal galleries ten thousand pounds.

Cologne had the honor of giving birth to this "Prince of Painters," in the year 1570, on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, after whom he was named. He died in 1640, and was interred in his own private Chapel in the Church of St. James, at Antwerp.

The reputation of this enlightened king, for his general love of science and particular regard for men of talent, was spread abroad. England had suddenly appeared the seat of arts. Hence every distinguished artist must have felt a desire to become acquainted with its sovereign, whose accomplished mind could even direct the taste of those whom he patronized. His condescension to such excited a generous emulation for his favour. Vandyck naturally bent his thoughts towards the English court, then the most polite among nations. Sir Kenelm Digby had visited this inimitable portrait painter, and doubtless had said enough in honour of his sovereign to excite Vandyck to seek his protection, for he had been scurrily treated and sadly mortified by the monks of the Low Countries, who had not to expiate, like the Italians, the crying sin of picture worship. Nor did they, like the priesthood of Italy, commit the sin of idolatry to those who painted pictures. Vandyck had executed some altar pieces for certain religious communities. The arts were even there subservient to the church; but the churchmen regarded their merits no more than those of the great universities nearer home in later times. It was in vain for Vandyck to reason with his ignorant employers, to expatiate on the principles of taste, or talk of chiaroscuro, of the balance of colour, of red here and blue there, focus of light, and blazing effect. The holy priests would have their legends attired in a costume of their own, taking care, like sage Dutchmen, not to pay a stiver until the contract was completed according to their humour. He turned his back upon his own country, and was adopted by this. The walls of the British Institution, the mansions of the great throughout this favoured isle, proclaim what Flanders lost—what England gained.

The picture of his illustrious patron, King Charles, on the white horse, attended by St. Antoine, which shines a constellation amidst this collection, would alone form a school of art. Never did the purity and brilliancy of colours combine in a finer mass than that comprising the countenance of the king, the armour, and the head of the horse. The bold and masterly execution of the other parts, the neutral hues that lead to the principal features, where the utmost power of just finishing is applied, display his consummate skill.

Vandyck visited England in 1629, and sub-

sequently two years afterwards, when he obtained what he so earnestly sought, the kind countenance of the king, whose favour he retained to the day of his death, which happened in 1641. He was cut off in the prime of life; but he went peacefully to the tomb, and knew not of those scenes of horror that the fates were preparing for his honoured master, and for those illustrious men who had hailed him as a brother, rewarded him according to his deserts, and honoured him as a friend.

Vandyck made the best compensation to the country: he loved the English, spent the fortune acquired by their munificence in the liberal encouragement of other arts, to the professors of which his personal kindness was extensive. He painted many of their portraits gratuitously.

Those who are not ignorant of the laborious study necessary to the completion of a highly finished picture, cannot but feel astonished at the fecundity of his pencil. There are few noble families in this country who do not possess some of his works—portraits of their ancestry. Many of his finest pieces were purchased of the commissioners appointed by Cromwell to sell the royal collections, by foreign connoisseurs, and even by agents from crowned heads. Several of his choicest works were sent abroad to the young Duke of Buckingham by a faithful servant, which never found their way back to England; and many were swept away during the reign of terror, with the beams of destruction, by those sanctified scavengers, Praise-God-Barebones, Hugh Peters, and others of "purer eyes" than to behold such abominations as those images of nobility. Yet there are now left to excite our wonder that he could accomplish so much within the short space of ten years, the period of his sojournment here.

The last compliment Vandyck could pay to the natives of England, was expressed in his desire that his dust might mingle with theirs. He was buried in the old cathedral of St. Paul, "with a funeral pomp," says Mr. Bryan, "suited to his extraordinary abilities, and the universal esteem he had acquired by the urbanity of his manners, and the liberality of his heart."

Vandyck had the honour to lead to the altar the beautiful daughter of Lord Gourey. He was knighted at St. James's Palace by Charles I. in the year 1632.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 87. *Portraits of Miss Lyell and her Sister.*—T. Phillips, R. A.

In conjunction with the wreath of flowers introduced, the whole of this picture resembles a garland, painted upon the principles of the celebrated Baptist, in which strength and harmony of colouring are united with the most elegant form of composition. The management of this group, upon a light back-ground, is no less skilfully performed.

It is evident that this great painter was blended with the visions of Gainsborough in his last moments. For when expiring, he exclaimed, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the party."

than judiciously chosen; and the picture, altogether, exhibits the most pleasing variety. No. 6. *Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Coplestone, Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, by the same.*

This also is one of Mr. Phillips's happiest productions. The principal, as well as the accessories, is in the best style of portrait composition.

No. 132. *Portraits of Miss E. and Miss F. Daring.*—J. Jackson, R. A.

Parallel lines are not very favourable to the picturesque; yet somehow Mr. Jackson has contrived, by the simplicity and character of this performance, greatly to interest us. Here is no sacrifice made by the foil of contrast, or studied preference of attitude, to break the unity of sisterhood. It is a sweet picture, and at least equals any thing of the artist's female portraiture which we have yet seen.

No. 186. *Portrait of Canova.*—The same.

A portrait which conveys most perfectly the individual resemblance of this celebrated sculptor, and is a fine example of skill in the harmony of colouring.

No. 178. *Portrait of Mr. Liston.*—By the same.

An admirable likeness, and well painted.

No. 163. *A Groupe of the Earl of Mulgrave, General Phipps, Sir George Beaumont, and the Hon. A. Phipps [in little].*—By the same hand.

This is without the finish which should belong to works of its size, and displays neither great talent for arrangement, nor expression in its execution.

Nos. 12. *Mrs. Owen*; 24. *Miss Stephens*; 58. 77. *J. Fairlie and Miss Fairlie*; 105. *A Young Gentleman*; 158. *Bishop of Norwich*; 164. 341. *Lady and Sir T. Monroe.*—M. A. Shee, R. A.

We have little to observe of this able artist's performance, beyond our usual remark on his works:—an almost excess of purity in the use of his means. It may be, that time, in acting upon them, will only bring them to the standard assumed by his contemporaries; and it is very possible, that, had we seen the portraits of Vandyck, (more especially his females) in their original state, much of his mellow tones would not have appeared. Be this as it may, it is an estimable quality when compared with the crude and slovenly haste which some parts of our portrait pictures display. No. 105 is one of the most beautiful specimens of Mr. Shee's pencil.

MODEL ACADEMY.—We never enter this room but with a sepulchral feeling.

"The storied urn and animated bust"

the monumental record of the departed are there indeed mingled with the resemblances of the living, and the poetical effusions of the artist's mind; yet still the impression is of the sombre cast. Among the works of imagination, the figure of Eve at the Fountain, by E. H. Baily, A. is eminent for its chaste simplicity, and the beautiful turn and taste of the attitude. The figure of Victory, executed from a design of the late W. Theed, Esq. R. A. by the same artist, is

conspicuous for its grandeur and majestic form; the expression, however, is that of grief, the wreath is for the hero that is no more.

A Sleeping Child.—F. Chantrey, R. A.

This exquisite piece of sculpture is powerfully attractive; the peculiar interest of sleeping infancy, the tenderness and purity of its character, is felt by all; and when to this is added the beauty of innocence at rest, it cannot fail to excite the softest and best emotions of our nature. In the execution of this difficult work of art, Mr. Chantrey has displayed his usual skill, and given in the head of the child the most perfect idea of that character found in the best works of Raphael and Corregio, when they endeavoured to represent the Divinity of the Infant Saviour. The lower part of the figure appears to us much inferior to the head; but our principal objection is to those needless emblems, introduced rather to puzzle than to explain. The lily of the valley, if meant to express purity, can add nothing to the character of purity seen in the sleeping child itself. The butterfly feeding upon the snow-drop, if it be such, gives no palpable idea of its meaning, and Mr. Chantrey is the last from whom we should expect these unmeaning accessories. We have no objection to a limited use of allegory; but, in this instance, it rather weakens than strengthens the main representation. Of the busts, it is enough to say they are by the hands of this artist, and that in most of them the individual resemblance is finely given.

Religious Instruction. A Bas-relief for St. John's Church, Manchester.—S. Flaaman, R. A.

There is a solemnity bordering upon severity in this group, or rather in the principal ecclesiastic; nor do we quite understand the personage behind, with something of a circle about the head.

No. 1030, 1031, 1036. *Busts.*—P. Turnercelli.

The first of these is a capital likeness of the Duke of Kent, of which we have already spoken; the two latter, busts of Lord and Lady Audley. They are both excellent, but that of the lady peculiarly so. The subject is admirably adapted for the sculptor's art; and the beauty of Lady Audley's countenance, as well as the air of dignity about her head, has been expressed with very great ability.

A Marble Bust of the Bishop of Durham. No. 1065, by W. Behnes.

We have scarce ever seen a finer display of skill in giving complete idea of a character at once dignified and humble, than appears in this bust; and we must congratulate the artist upon a performance in which he has evinced talents beyond any former exhibition.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

SONNET.

On viewing Queen Mary's Apartments, in the Palace of Holyrood, at Edinburgh.
Is this the Royal palace, where the Queen—

The Queen of beauty—Caledonia's pride—
 Reign'd o'er these realms in pomp, as princely
 bride
 Enthroned 'midst grandeur, by the nation seen?
 The apartments these, which often serv'd to
 akreen
 Her primal charms of art's false glare denied?
 These, where in privacy wont to reside
 Her loveliness increased their glory shewn?
 But ah, how changed!—while here we fondly
 trace
 Relics of splendour in profusion spread,
 On every side, th' enchanting spirit's fled,
 Which every fancied charm gave to this place—
 Fit emblem of this present transient scene—
 For earth's proud image is impressed VAIN,
 K. V.

[We are often favoured with *truly* original poetical compositions, but generally too long for our purpose. The following short specimens, however, may afford our readers some entertainment; and the writers assure us their insertion will much delight them.]

TO

What anxious, lonely bee was it
 That sought the fittest, fairest treat,
 Its cell to sweeten, thence did fly,
 Each flow'r's to try?

'Twas I!

What beautiful, blushing Rose was that,
 Tho' sung its fragrance, as a net,
 Artless did give th' alluring clue
 To sweetest dew?

'Twas you!

April 18th.

J. B.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS R.—

On making some Handkerchiefs.

In all you tell—
 In all you take in hand,
 What'er it be,
 You let me see—
 That you can praise command.

What'er you do
 Is match'd by few—
 You always do excel!
 Merit doth lurk
 In all your work—
 You always do it well.

These lines to you
 Address'd are true—
 No flattery lurketh here:
 And I can tell
 That you excel,
 And all your friends reverse.

W. B.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

[To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.]

THE PRESENT;

Or, Travels of a Hare after his Decense.

Many of those individuals whose deaths are recorded for the edification of the public, are the cause of much dull reading being sent into the world about their lives. Because the exit of a man attracts attention, it is supposed to be of importance to state, when he was born, who were his parents, and where he went to school. I shall take good care not to fall into this error, by avoiding all mention of my "birth, parentage, and education."

Passing then at once to that period of my travels when I lost my life (it is much to be regretted that few travellers reach that period so soon), I begin by telling you, that the week before last, I had the misfortune to get my neck dislocated by a stick thrown from a rustic's hand, who, from being unconscious of the inconvenience he had occasioned me, went on without offering me the smallest assistance.

A moment afterwards Captain Cockleshell, of the Lumber-troup, (who had just succeeded in wounding a hay-stack which stood within a hundred feet of the place from which a covey of birds had sprung,) came to the spot where I lay, very busily engaged in performing my last convulsions.

The Captain did not mistake me for one of the birds that he had missed. He very soon found that I was defunct; and, being quite satisfied that I should not run away, he, with that presence of mind and composure which distinguishes the true hero in battle, serenely retired twenty paces,—re-loaded his gun, and discharged its contents into my prostrate carcase, which he forthwith carried off in triumph, as an undoubted proof of his shooting prowess.

Arrived at his house in Little East Cheap, I was introduced in form to the Captain's Lady, with a very minute account of the manner in which the redoubted Lumber Trooper thought proper to say that I had come by my death. According to this, it appeared that he had tracked me for more than a mile and a half, and at length perceived me just retiring into a thicket, when he levelled his piece, and shot me dead, at the distance of a hundred and fifty, or a hundred and sixty yards.

For three days every person who came to the house was entertained with this little interesting narrative, and treated with a sight of my person, which placed the truth of the statement beyond all doubt. The lady now considering that I had been sufficiently productive of *clat*, proposed to have me for dinner. I was glad of this, for the weather was so cold, that I felt quite impatient to be dressed.

But the Captain objected. A tame rabbit, twice as big as I happened to be, might be bought for half-a-crown, and would be a better dish, while I was worth more than the money he had named to send as a present. With this feeling he finished by proposing to send me to his cousin Street, at Margate.

"Why should we send it to him?" enquired the lady, "What does he ever send us?"

"Nothing.—Nor would he give us sixpence to save us from starving. I would only send it to mortify him, by letting him know that we are getting up in the world."

This satisfied the lady, who forthwith wrote a very affectionate letter to announce me, and that same night, off I started by the coach for the Isle of Thanet.

My carriage, including the porter's demand on delivering me, cost but two shillings and tenpence. The servant took me in with a smile, but I met with a very different reception from the mistress, when she returned from her morning walk.

"What," said she, "am I and your master to be robbed of two and tenpence for such a thing as this! Why, I could at any time buy a better of the poachers for half the money! A pretty thing, indeed, to—"

A double knock interrupted her eloquence, but only interrupted it to give it additional energy, when a letter from London, carefully put in off the stones, and charged eightpence, was given into her hands, to tell that I was coming, in order that she might send to the coach-office, and save the expence of portage.

I shall not follow her through her transports, nor detail the many civil things with which she entertained her husband on the subject of his fine London relations; but I must remark, that she behaved very unhandsonely to me, whom she called "a miserable little starveling, not worth cooking, or even eating, if I could have been sent ready cooked."

After a very short debate, both came to a resolution that I was absolutely good for nothing, and, in consequence of this, they determined on dispatching me to a very particular friend at Canterbury, and I became the subject of two letters. The first, from Mrs. Street to Mrs. Cockleshell ran thus:

"My dear Madam.—Mr. Street and myself beg to return you our best thanks for the beautiful hare which you were so good as to send us. It arrived very opportunely, for it came when we had a large company of fashionable folks to dine with us, and we had been every where trying, but in vain, to procure such a thing for love or money. We are, however, very sorry that you should rob yourselves of such a treat, for it was the nicest ever tasted, and must earnestly beg you will not think of conferring on us a similar favour for the time to come, as we are quite distressed from not knowing how to make a suitable return. I remain, my dear Madam, (with best remembrance to the Captain and all the family),

"TITALANDA STREET.

"To Mrs. Cockleshell, Little East Cheap, London."

The second was as follows:—

"My dear Sir.—As a very small return for the many favours which I and Mrs. Street have received at your hands, we take the liberty of sending you a leveret, which we hope you will do us the favour to accept. We fear it is hardly worth presenting, as it is but a small; though, we trust, a very fine one; but we know your kindness will take the will for the deed. I should have called to return a part of the cash you were so good as to favour me with as a loan in the summer, but that I understood you were a great deal in town, and feared that you would be out of the way. By the end of next month I shall make a point of coming to Canterbury. Hoping it will not be inconvenient to wait till then, I am, my dear Sir, (with best regards from Mrs. S.) very faithfully yours,

"HUMPHRY STREET.

"Charles Longpurse, Esq.
 Canterbury."

Though I went carriage paid, and the letter post free, Mr. Longpurse did not treat me with all the respect in the world. "What!" he exclaimed, "Here's another sprat! Well, it's my own fault if those who sent you catch a herring, that's one comfort."

I now found myself introduced to the society of half a dozen hares, and about as many pheasants and brace of partridges. The footman was told the next day that he might have me (on account of the smallness of my size) to deal with as he pleased. He being quite surfeited with such things, sold me for eighteen-pence to a journeyman apothecary, his friend, who wished to inspire his master with some respect for his connexions; and the apothecary, on receiving the present as from his journeyman's uncle, a great landholder, sent me with all speed to the house of the rector, through whose interest he hoped to be promoted on the first vacancy, to physic the paupers in the parish workhouse.

The person for whom I was now intended was really (as the son of *Galen* knew) very fond of all sorts of game. But he happening to be out when I arrived, and his wife not being at all partial to the trouble of cooking a hare, which he always expected her to superintend herself, I was again sent on my travels, and started by the first Dover coach that passed for the metropolis.

Again in London, a bailiff paid the porter who was entrusted to carry me from the inn, and took me from him at the door of the house to which he had been directed. He had the honesty to return with me, having himself assumed the garb of a porter, and, in this disguise, he easily gained an entrance, touched the gentlemen for whom I was destined on the shoulder, and conducted his prisoner, with little delay, to a sponging-house in Chancery Lane.

The debtor had now to consider of finding bail. No person seemed fitter to be applied to on such an occasion than his friend, Captain Cockleshell, of the Lumber-troop. To prepare him to accede to such a request, he bethought himself he could not do better than to send him a hare. He therefore wrote a letter, dated Hampshire, describing me to have been killed on the day but one preceding that on which he was writing, and by himself, on the manor of his friend, Lord Sharpset; and with this statement, back I went to my old master.

"Look here," said the Captain, (who immediately recognized me), addressing himself to his wife, "the hare has come back again; I can swear to its being the same that I killed last Monday."—He meant that he had found dying.

"No, sure it can't be!" exclaimed the lady.—"Yes it is."

"And Diddler says he shot it the day before yesterday."

"Indeed!"

"And on the manor of his friend, Lord Sharpset."

"How ridiculous," said the Lady, "do such people make themselves by endeavouring thus to show their consequence."

"It is contemptible," the Lumber-trooper added.—"Then, to tell such bouncing false-

hoods, and unnecessarily; that puzzles me. How can people make up their minds to that."

And both agreed to condemn such conduct as most absurd and improper; though this had not occurred to the Captain when I first fell into his hands. It was now debated whether or not I should be sent any where else; but, from the circumstance of their finding it convenient to close their nostrils when their noses were turned towards me, this, it was thought, would be rather *too high* a joke. The idea was accordingly abandoned, and I was ordered into the kitchen for the servants, where I am now *roasting*.

I am, Mr. Editor, *truly yours*,
Puss.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday, Mr. Kean took his *last* benefit. We have not, as our readers know, been the unconditional admirers of Mr. Kean; but we have yielded our tribute to his genius when we thought that it was merited. We hope that the new actors, Messrs. Cooper and Vanderhoof, will do something towards filling his place; but to many, at least, they will not compensate for the absence of their favorite.

Mr. Kean played *Jaffier*, in *Venice Preserved*. The house was crowded almost to suffocation, and we saw and heard him little at our ease. He acted parts of it very well, but the character is perhaps not altogether adapted to him: it is a long, dreary, difficult part; and, except in the scene with Renault, and in the night scene on the Rialto, affords little opportunity for any actor to exhibit excellence. Why did not Mr. Kean act *Pierre*, and leave *Jaffier* to Mr. Rae? As it was, Mr. Elliston (Mr. Elliston!) acted *Pierre*. We wish he would leave tragedy alone: it does not become him, nor does he become it. He is a heavy *Pierre*, and has not one atom of dignity. Mr. Kean played in a farce called "*The Admirable Crichton*," and sang (sweetly), and fenced, and mimicked, and danced, and sprained his ankle: he can do better things than these—let him leave them to his inferiors.

COVENT GARDEN.—*Macbeth*.—This Tragedy, which has not been performed at this Theatre for some time, was got up for Mr. Macready's benefit. It is difficult to find an adequate representative of the principal character: the more striking and effective scenes are not easily acted, and the quieter ones have seldom been embodied with any thing like success. A man who has met the weird sisters on their blasted heath, and in whose ears voices teeming with fate and terror have shrieked, must not be portrayed in a common way. He has for ever after to wear about him the sense of that supernatural colloquy, and to bear up against it, and yet to feel the weight of his impending destiny. He toils up the hill of life, like a Sisyphus, without any relaxation from his burthen: the stone that is hung round his neck never evades him, but presses the heavier in proportion to his ascent.

John Kemble appeared more like *Macbeth*, after the murder at least, than any one whom we have seen: the marble look which he wore, became the assassin of Banquo and Duncan; and his tones, which seemed at times as though they came from a hollow sepulchre, struck the ear, and chimed in admirably with the deep tragedy of the story. Mr. Kean plays the scene after the murder in a style of the highest excellence; but we confess we do not think *Macbeth*, by any means, one of his happier efforts. Mr. Macready acted the part (on his benefit night) for the first time, and acquitted himself as we expected—indeed better; for we had been accustomed to identify him, rather too exclusively, with characters of mere tenderness or passion, and to give him a limited credit only: he has shewn us that he can fill a more extended circle; and we rejoice in every opportunity that is afforded him of doing justice to himself. His acting in '*Virginus*,' is quite masterly; and yet very few persons had before a notion of his power over the gentler feelings. We indeed had seen him in the *Steward*, where he gave evidence of this faculty; and yet his *Virginus* in some measure surprised us.

Mr. Macready's *Macbeth*, then, is a fine piece of acting: we know persons who did not admire the opening scene; but for our parts, we liked the quietness and subdued power which he threw into the earlier parts of the play. The dagger scene was good, but more particularly the latter part of it, where he steals with a noiseless step towards the chamber of his sleeping victim; but the scene after the murder was admirable: and of the banquet scene, he is the only actor that we remember, who has given us a true conception. It has been the custom for *Macbeth* to bully the ghost of his deceased friend Banquo out of the supper-room—to shout out a torrent of words in the voice of a Stenographer, and to assume a position of defiance, almost ludicrous. Mr. Macready retreated, instead of advancing: it was the murderer before the avenging spirit, trembling and shuddering at the past and the present—endeavouring to shield his eyes from a vision that almost seared them with horror; his manly nature peeping out a little from the cloud of fear and remorse that enveloped it, but sinking back at last exhausted and dismayed. The concluding act was admirably performed, and the general tone well preserved throughout. There were few glaring lights thrown in to make particular parts prominent; but it was richly coloured altogether, and is no mean addition to the still increasing reputation of Mr. Macready.

MISS MACAULEY.—This lady gave an entertainment on Wednesday, at the Argyll Rooms, commencing at two o'clock, and under the patronage of several ladies of quality. It was well and fashionably attended, and the exertions of Miss M. were rewarded with liberal, but not undeserved, plaudits. The undertaking was to afford a dramatic display of the passions, by recitations; and, in acquitting herself of this difficult task, Miss M. displayed great powers, great energy, and great versatility. Some imitations

of peculiar and national dialects, and the relief of music, rendered the whole a very agreeable, as it was a novel species of amusement. These performances are, we understand, to be repeated every Wednesday; and they certainly merit encouragement, as much from the talent they exhibit, as from the respectable claims of the individual upon the public feeling.

VARIETIES.

M. Noel de la Moriniere has passed through England and Scotland, on his way to Cape North, whither he is proceeding to make observations connected with natural science, &c.

Madame Catalani, on the 12th of March, at Cremnitz, in Russia, gave a concert in honour of the accession of the Emperor Alexander, in which she sang a Russian Hymn, suited to the occasion.

Greek City.—Letters from the south of Russia state, that M. Kaptnest, a German proprietor, has discovered an ancient mole and other unquestionable remains of a Greek town, at a village called Koktabel, situated between Kafia and Sudack, in the Crimea. M. K. believes them to be the ruins of Theodosia; but our correspondent, who has visited the spot, is hardly persuaded to refer them to so considerable a city.

Advertisements.—Among the puzzling productions of this sort, we observed the following in the Morning Post last week. "It is requested that the *Lady* who received in public, on Tuesday evening last, a *Caricature of a Head*, adorned with a coronet, and other ornaments, will return some answer to the paper in which it was enclosed."

This is a very suspicious looking invitation, and we can readily guess what sort of ornaments the *others* are, but nothing to the barefaced profriggancy of the subjoined, which is copied from the Morning Chronicle, and betrays the most public disregard to moral decency which we ever met with in England.

"An unmarried Gentleman of 30, about to make a tour through the South of France and Italy, in his own carriage, would be happy to meet with a Lady of accomplished and superior manners to accompany him, and who may place every confidence in his honour.—Address (post paid)" &c.

When time hangs heavy on one's hand, at an inn perhaps, where they take care never to have a book to divert you from eating or drinking, the perusal of the advertisements of the sole paper in the house is often productive of amusement. In one column of a paper of Wednesday we were thus entertained with an advertisement for "a gentlemanly house within twenty miles of London;"—another of stays, which "rectify projecting shoulder-blades, remove weakness in the back, and make ladies appear straight without any pernicious steel;" and a third announcing, by a "most genuine bull, that the *Favourite* and *Belipse*, Margate steam packets, "leave the Tower Stairs for Margate every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings at 8 o'clock precisely, and return

from thence every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at the same hour." Such are the powers of steam!

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

Plagiarism.—The following is extracted from a rare book, entitled, "Master Toby Tossepotte his mery and conceyted gestes, hll. letter. sm. 4to. no date, conjectured about 1584. It appears that Mr. T. Moore took his song "That pimple when first I espied it," almost verbatim from this song. I admire the old author much more than his modern imitator. It is remarkable, that grog, which is commonly supposed to be a liquor of late invention, is noticed in this song. I have deviated from the old spelling.

That pimple, when first I espied it,
Spoke of sack and canary so plain;
But the bowl of strong waters beside it
Disturbed my ideas again!

Thou art first in the twilight at present!

Thy cash has run low, my old dog!

Abandoning claret so pleasant,

Thou art forced to make merry with grog!

Yet thy grog is so pleasant to me,

I own it—I rather would smother

All care in strong liquors with thee,

Than in malmsey or sack with another.

Latin Pun.—Burke, one evening, in snuffing a candle, was awkward enough to snuff it out. "Ah!" said he, "I fall under the censure of Horace—

Brevis esse laboro obscurus fio.

Eustathius remarks, that the 182d line of the third book of the *Iliad*—

Ἡ μάχη Ἀτρεΐδης, μνηστήρας ἐξεδίμαρτος
increases διμαρδός: that is, the first word is of one syllable, and the others successively of two, three, four, and five. Such lines were called by the ancients *Rhaphic*. There is an inverted one in *Paradise Lost*, Book iii, 492;—

Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls.

The Cart before the Horse.—A writer has taken the trouble to print a letter, in which he assumes that the Literary Gazette must favour publishers, because it enjoys greater facilities for giving an early account of new works, than any other periodical publication; and he also asserts that literary critical independence cannot co-exist with the circumstance of booksellers having property in a Review. Of course he uses the word candour and liberality, to gloss these very untenable positions. Our answer is simply, that the object of the Literary Gazette is to promote literature; and as its circulation is extensive, it is very desirable to authors and publishers to have their books noticed in it promptly; as it is, on our parts, desirable to give our readers the earliest account of deserving novelties. This partial coincidence of views, the obligation being conferred by us, leaves our pages as free from influence as the wind that blows; a fact which we trust we need not state to those who peruse them. As for the property of a review, we are really not aware how it can be carried on without publishers having some interest in it:—Authors are not good businessmen; and, in common we believe with every

* Between two and three thousand weekly, besides a large sale in parts and volumes.

estimable and conspicuous work of the kind, the Literary Gazette consists of two parties,—the proprietors who share the profits, and the Editor, with his associates, who conducts the work. Had the writer alluded to been really candid, he might have supposed, as is in truth the case, that the former have not the slightest controul over the latter, never have interfered, and never can dictate a single line. Equally regardless of misrepresentation as before, we repeat that we do not think ourselves in fairness entitled to destroy the reputation of books submitted to us before they issue generally to the public. In such cases, if we approve of them, we reject as if they were published; if they are so important as to claim notice, but (in our opinion) not approbation, we content ourselves with merely quoting them: and if they are neither admirable nor likely to attract some popularity, we pass them over for the time. The honest mind that construes this course into subserviency to others, knows best its own grounds of reasoning. We are very happy that it prefers other writings to ours; and we are sure that any sort of literary culture must improve its character.

We can with a clear conscience assert, that not one line of praise or censure ever appeared in the Literary Gazette, from motives of favour or prejudice.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JUNE, 1820.

Thursday, 8.—Thermometer from 44 to 60.

Barometer from 30, 13 to 30, 09.

Wind N. W. and W. ½.—Clouds generally passing with frequent sunshine.

Friday, 9.—Thermometer from 50 to 63.

Barometer, from 29, 99 to 29, 90.

Wind W. 1. and 2.—Generally cloudy; a little rain in the evening.

Saturday, 10.—Thermometer from 40 to 58.

Barometer from 29, 94 to 29, 88.

Wind W. b. S. and W. b. N. 1.—Generally clear, clouds passing, with a few showers.

Rain fallen .025 of an inch.

Sunday, 11.—Thermometer from 38 to 55.

Barometer from 29, 78 to 29, 73.

Wind S. W. 2. and ½.—Morning clear, the rest of the day cloudy; rain at times.

Rain fallen .025 of an inch.

Monday, 12.—Thermometer from 46 to 59.

Barometer from 29, 87 to 30, 02.

Wind N. b. E. 3. and 1.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen .05 of an inch.

Tuesday, 13.—Thermometer from 34 to 63.

Barometer from 30, 06 to 30, 05.

Wind very variable. Morning clear, the rest of the day generally cloudy, with heavy showers of rain. Much thunder and lightning during the afternoon.

Wednesday, 14.—Thermometer from 38 to 57.

Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 19.

Wind N. 1. and N. E. 1.—Generally cloudy. About 6 in the evening, the upper part of a halo was formed round the sun.

Rain fallen .15 of an inch.

Venus is now becoming a beautiful object for the common telescopes. The eclipses of Jupiter's satellites are too late but for the astronomer, who will naturally look to his ephemeris.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

† There is a letter at the Literary Gazette Office for Philo Nauticus.

Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, with an Exhibition of PORTRAITS of distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening.

(By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.
Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.—Descriptive ditto 2s.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.
"Fear not Daughter of Zion; behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

MR. GLOVER'S Exhibition of Oil and Water Colour Paintings is now open, at the Great Rooms, No. 16, Old Bond-street, from nine till dusk. Admittance 1s.—Catalogue 6d.

Fine Arts.

Splendid Engravings and Illustrated Works, just published by Hurst, Robinson and Co. (late Boydell) 90, Chesapeake.

THE POACHER DETECTED, engraved by Lupton, after the celebrated Picture by Mr. Kidd, exhibited in 1818. Nineteen inches and three-quarters by twenty-four feet high. Prints 1l. 1s. Proofs 2l. 2s.

THE VALENTINE, painted and engraved by John Burnet. Eleven inches and a half, by sixteen high. Prints 15s. Proofs 1l. 11s. 6d.

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ILLUSTRATIONS of GUY MANNERING will next appear.

THE Exhibition of MONSIEUR JERRI-CAULT'S GREAT PICTURE, (from the Louvre) 34 feet by 18, representing the surviving Crew of the Medusa French Frigate, after remaining Thirteen days on a Raft without Provision, at the moment they discover the vessel that saves them, is now open to the Public, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission 1s.

To Booksellers and Stationers.

TO be disposed of, one of the most respectable and extensive Concerns in the above business, in a County Town in the West of England. The purchase will amount to about 4000l. Letters, post-paid, addressed W. H. to the care of Mr. Horst, Paternoster Row, London, will have immediate attention.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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These Islands compose a population of seventy millions, and he would be loath to read a passage from a book lately published (Mr. Crawford's History of the Indian Archipelago) a work replete with commercial and political information, showing the facilities for commerce in the Eastern Seas, the great wealth which they offered, and the little trade that was now carried on in them.—Lord Lansdowne's Speech on Foreign Commerce, 26th May.

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